The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ON RETICENCE

WE allow that exquisite sympathies and understandings sometimes are conveyed by magic silences. Tears have their spring and love its last refuge in realms beyond utterance. There are occasions when words only splinter a significant silence. But there is a deep and vital connection between mind and speech. Wisdom and love become flesh in the fitting word. They dwell with us. Otherwise they are fugitive. We all know how marvelously things said live in our memory, when things done are forgotten. Every thought, therefore, seeks its mating-word. Feeling desires utterance as man hungers for bread. By verbal expression thought and feeling grow. They escape into the air without which they lose health. Locked lips often guard feelings that become faint by imprisonment. Affections become pallid when denied dear words. Thoughts, nobly born, lose character when kept from the society of noble speech. We blunt discrimination by using single, stale words for varied charms. We cheapen wealthy emotion by sheer poverty of speech. We are too easy on ourselves; too fond of short-cuts, which do not quite arrive. When I see in the stores the persuasive legend: "Say it with flowers," I think: "A beautiful way of saying it—sometimes." But not when it saves trouble we ought to take. Not when we make it a poor substitute for the more personal gift of a word. The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but the word of a friend may stand forever!

It is more than a question of style. It is a question of exercise of spirit. Without that exercise the spirit may fail. The spirit reaches out through words. It breathes an ampler air. Is it not this that happens to some people in the hour of church worship? There are experiences and emotions which are real to us; but they are inarticulate. They are wrapped in silence. They might be smothered, if left. But in church they find some expression, at least through some echo. It may be something the preacher says, or some sublime words which have stood the test of the ages. We hear ourselves expressed. We are better for it. The strength of words has been given to us; and it is no little thing.

In the intimacies of our lives together there is this need of exercising the spirit in the strength of words we ourselves speak. Without that exercise we may lose the power to reach as far as love and understanding would have us go. There is a reserve and silence which wrong ourselves and others. Pathetic doubts gather, misunderstandings grow; cold barriers build themselves out of things unspoken. Do we reckon life by the number of breaths we have taken? Rather by the moments when we breathed unforgettable words! Moments come when by saying what is within us, we not only share it, but ourselves see it anew. We cannot do without such utterance. Someone in a novel has written of the curse that "is not altogether reticence of speech, but a sort of hard constriction in the heart, that prevents a man giving way to his tender feelings however much he may want to do it." It is this reticence we must be glad to overcome. It is well not to wait for death to remind us of what we meant to say, not to wait until others cannot hear us before we bless them for their faithfulness.—*From a Sermon in the Church of the First Parish.*

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst he flies round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All they needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SPRING AT POGANUC

"Oh! mamma, there is a bluebird! Spring is come!"

"A bluebird! Impossible so early in March. You must be mistaken."

"No. Come to the door: you can hear him just as plain!"

And, sure enough, on the highest top of the great button-ball tree opposite the house sat the little blue angel singing with all his might—a living sapphire dropped down from the walls of the beautiful city above. A most sanguine and imprudent bluebird certainly he must have been, though the day was so lovely and the great icicles on the eaves of the house were actually commencing to drip. But there undoubtedly he was —herald and harbinger of good days to come.

Yes. Spring was coming: the little bluebird herald was right, though he must have chilled his beak and frozen his toes as he sat there. But he came from the great Somewhere, where things are always bright: where life and summer and warmth and flowers are forever going on while we are bound down under ice and snow.

There was a thrill in the hearts of all the children that day, with visions of coming violets, hepaticas and anemones, of green grass, and long, bright, sunny rambles by the side of the Poganuc river.

The boys were so premature in hope as to get out their store of fish-hooks, and talk of trouting. The minister looked over his box of garden seeds, and read the labels. "Early Lettuce," "Early Cucumbers," "Summer Squashes"—all this was inspiring reading, and seemed to help him to have faith that a garden was coming round again, though the snow banks yet lay over the garden-spot deep and high. All day long it thawed and melted: a warm south wind blew and the icicles dripped, so that there was a continual patter.

Notwithstanding the apparition of the bluebird and the sanguine hopes of the boys, the winter yet refused to quit the field. Where these early bluebirds go to, that come to cheer desponding hearts in arctic regions like Poganuc, is more than one can say.

Birds' wings are wonderful little affairs, and may carry them many hundred southward miles in a day. Dolly, however, had her own theory about it, and that was that the bird went right up into heaven, and there waited till all the snow-storms were over.

Certain it was that the Poganuc people, after two promising days of thaw, did not fall short of that "six weeks' sledding in March" which has come to be proverbial.

The thaw, which had dripped from icicles and melted from snow banks, froze stiffer than ever, and then there came a two days' snowstorm —good, big, honest snow-feathers, that fell and fell all day and all night, till all the houses wore great white night-caps: the paths in front of all the house-doors had to be shoveled out again, and the farmers with their sleds turned out to break roads.

But at last—at last—spring did come at Poganuc! This marvel and mystery of the new creation did finally take place there every year, in spite of every appearance to the contrary. Long after the bluebird that had sung the first promise had gone back into his own celestial ether, the promise that he sang was fulfilled.

Like those sweet, foreseeing spirits, that on high, bare tree-tops of human thought pour forth songs of hope in advance of their age and time, our bluebird was gifted with the sure spirit of prophecy: and, though the winds were angry and loud, though snows lay piled and deep for long weeks after, though ice and frost and hail armed themselves in embattled forces, yet the sun behind them all kept shining and shining every day longer and longer, every day drawing nearer and nearer, till the snows passed away like a bad dream, and the brooks woke up and began to laugh and gurgle, and the ice went out of the ponds.

Then the pussy-willows threw out their soft catkins, and the ferns came up with their woolly hoods on, like prudent old house mothers, looking to see if it was yet time to unroll their tender greens, and the white blossoms of the shad-blow and the tremulous tags of the birches and alders shook themselves gaily out in the woods.

Then under brown rustling leaf-banks came the white, waxy shells of the trailing arbutus with its pink buds, fair as a winter's dawn on snow: then the blue and white hepaticas opened their eyes, and cold, sweet white violets starred the moist edges of water courses, and great blue violets opened large eyes in the shadows, and the white and crimson trilliums unfurled under the flickering lace-work shadows of the yet leafless woods: the red columbine waved its bells from the rocks, and great tufts of golden cowslips fringed the borders of the brooks.

Then came in flocks the delicate wind-flower family: anemones, starry white, and the crow-foot, with its pink outer shell, and the spotted adder's tongue, with its waving yellow bells of blossom. Then, too, the honest, great green leaves of the old skunk cabbage, most refreshing to the eye in its hardy, succulent greenness, though an abomination to the nose of the ill-informed who should be tempted to gather them.

In a few weeks the woods, late so frozen—hopelessly buried in snow drifts—were full of a thousand beauties and delicacies of life and motion, and flowers bloomed on every hand. "Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth." . . .

And so the work of renewing the face of the

earth went on from step to step. The forest hills around Poganuc first grew misty with a gentle haze of pink and lilac, which in time changed to green and then to greener shades, till at last the full-clothed hills stood forth in the joy of re-creation, and, as of old, "all the trees of the field clapped their hands."

And the birds of Poganuc! When the March snows had melted somewhat, little Dolly's heart was gladdened by many bluebirds: these were promptly followed by the social, cheery robins: and—as the season advanced—other New England birds came back in flocks, taking complete possession of the orchard and meadow, and filling the air with joyous bird melodies. Who shall interpret what is meant by the sweet jargon of robin and oriole and bobolink, with their endless reiterations? Something wiser, perhaps, than we dream of in our lower life here.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe (Adapted).*

CHRIST'S WILL

CHRIST left—
His purse to Judas. John 12: 4–6.
His body to Joseph of Arimathea. Mark 15: 43.
His mother to John, son of Zebedee. John 19: 26.
His Spirit to His Father. Luke 23: 46.
His clothes to the soldiers. Matt. 27: 35.
His peace to His disciples. John 14: 27.
His supper to His followers. Luke 22: 19.
Himself as an example as a servant. John 12: 15.
His gospel to the world. Matt. 28: 19.
His presence always to the end of the world. Matt. 28: 20.

—*Adapted by W. H. Vail, in The Churchman.*

FEW words in our language touch human life from as many angles as the word "friend." A friend is one who rejoices with us in our success, sympathizes with us in our failures, comforts us in our sorrows, and when things look dark with little prospect of the dawn, he is by our side and by his very presence, gives us renewed courage and strength.

COMMONPLACE LIVES

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not—
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Doughnuts.—One even cup of sugar, 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoons of melted butter mixed with sugar. Add milk, then 2 eggs beaten light. Into a sieve put bread flour ⅔ full, add a little salt, nutmeg, 2 level teaspoons and a little more of cream of tartar, 1 level teaspoon of soda. Sift and beat into above mixture. Add more flour to make so you can roll out on board. Cut and fry in deep fat. Do not have them too stiff, but as soft as you can handle.

Corn Cake.—Two tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons indian meal, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, ¾ cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add butter last, and beat well. Sift soda and cream of tartar in with flour. Bake in a quick oven.

Baked Macaroni and Cheese.—Cook in salted water as much macaroni as required, and when done place half in a pudding dish. Cover macaroni with cheese, put bits of butter on, and pepper and salt if desired. Put the rest of macaroni in pan, and cover with cheese, salt, pepper and butter. Break an egg in a bowl, beat well, put in 1½ cups of milk, stir, then add to the macaroni. Bake about one-half hour.

Cottage Cheese Balls.—Half cup thick white sauce made from ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups cheese (cottage), 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 egg beaten and bread crumbs. Make white sauce. Gradually beat cottage cheese into it. Add mashed potatoes, salt and pepper, and make into soft balls. Roll in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs again. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. These cheese balls are delicious served with tomato sauce.

Peter Pan Salad.—Remove the stones from stewed prunes. Add a tablespoon of cream to four tablespoons of cottage cheese. Fill the prunes with this mixture. Lay 3 or 4 on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

HANDY HINTS

When making a fruit gelatin if gelatin should get too stiff it may easily be thinned with an egg beater.

Don't use your gas oven and the top of your stove at the same time. If you plan to have a roast, have a complete oven dinner. By a little thought many complete menus will suggest themselves to you, and you will save considerable gas.

To clean a griddle that has become crusted, put over a very hot fire and cover thickly with salt. After the salt has burned brown, the crust and salt will brush off together, leaving the griddle like new. After washing the griddle, grease well and heat before putting away.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

OFFERS

First Parish, Cambridge. Send requests to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Vogue and Butterick paper patterns for women's and misses' dresses, sizes 18 years, 36, 38, and 42 bust. Good Styles.

Cook books.

For ministers and theological students only:
Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, and Cosiat.
Ten Great Religions. James Freeman Clarke.
Sermons. H. W. Bellows.
The Religion of Numa. Carter.
The Small End of Great Problems. Brooke Herford, D.D.
Sermons for the People. Huntington.
Essays on Puritanism. Andrew MacPhail.
Daily Praise and Prayer.
Man, Woman and Child. Minot J. Savage.
The Sanctity of Marriage. Giles.
A Study of the Sects. W. H. Lyon.
Christian History. J. H. Allen.
The Science of Education. Hubart.
A Minister of God. John Hamilton Thorn.
Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson.

Boxes of 1926 and 1927 magazines will be sent to schools, country libraries, community centres, almshouses, hospitals, or other public places where they are needed. Please give references, and state what kind of magazine is wanted.

APPEALS

1. I am a mother of seven children, three boys and four girls, and my husband is a cripple. He lost one of his legs and he can't get around to work much. I would like to get some good books or magazines for him to read. I would like some sewing material for myself, embroidery or crochet thread or anything that would amuse the children. Thanking you in advance. Mrs. Leona Farmer, Sturgills, N. C., Route 1, Box 69.

2. I am a young mother. I have two children, a boy 14 months old and a baby girl 1 month old. We are renters, and live in a small town. I would appreciate any cheer the Club could send me. Mrs. H. G. Jones, Lansing, N. C.

3. Will appreciate any kind of books, in the line of fiction, poetry, school books suitable for reference in a grammar course, and any good magazines. I like western, northern, prairie and out-door life, I am interested in movie or photo-

play magazines. My wife would like to have some scraps for quilt piecing, if any one has them to spare. Turner Pettyjohn, Alpharetta, Ga., R. 5.

4. Mrs. Angie Banks of Athlone, N. C., would be glad to receive embroidery designs also thread and yarn. She thanks all who have sent her cheer in the past.

5. Eva Collins' address is Sylvester, Ga., care of G. A. Braswell. Mrs. Collins is ill and unable to write but she would enjoy reading matter and letters from *Cheerful Letter* friends.

6. I live in a very poor country several miles from a railway. I would appreciate any kind of reading, consisting of both magazines and books. My Mother, Mrs. Ada V. Wann, has received reading from the *Cheerful Letter* for several years. I will always loan the literature that is sent to me to my few neighbors. (Mrs.) Thurman Ray, Rural Route 1, Canton, Texas.

7. Irene Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. 1, sends grateful thanks for all the books, cards and other things the *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent to her and wishes to be remembered again this season. Irene is 12 yrs. old.

8. I want to thank all the friends that have sent me quilt pieces, magazines and papers. They were all appreciated. I am always pleased to receive anything sent to me. Would be pleased to receive any good reading. Mrs. R. J. Bleuins, Rugby, Va.

9. Miss Ervey Percell, Stella, Va., wishes to thank all who have sent her papers and magazines, and hopes she will in the future be remembered with sewing material, crochet thread and embroidery floss, to keep her busy, as her health has been very bad during the winter and she is unable to get out much.

10. I would love to get some sewing material and some bits of thread or any thing for the children or myself to pass away the time. Mrs. J. R. Sturgill, Sturgills, N. C.

11. Mrs. A. L. Pack, Rupert, Ark., sends thanks for cheer received from *Cheerful Letter* people, and hopes to be remembered in the future.

12. Would some *Cheerful Letter* friend send my 11-year boy suitable books to read. I would appreciate literature very much, also sewing material and bits of silk and velvet.

Best wishes for the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Reference, Rev. R. A. Cooper, Gordonsville, Va. Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Unionville, Va.

13. I have long been a beneficiary of the *Cheerful Letter* society and wonder if I dare ask for more reading for myself and children. One is a senior in high school, Margaret, age 17, and Ethel is 10 years old in the sixth grade. She would especially like books by Miss Alcott. I would like any of the classics or good books or magazines of the better class. The boys are grown and are fond of the American and English classics. We live ten miles from a post office and get very lonely in winter. I thank you in advance. Mrs. Nancy C. James, Sarben, Neb.

14. Miss Sarah J. Traywick, Marshville, N. C., R. 4, lives alone and needs cheer. She asks for the *Comfort* magazine or any other good magazine or reading matter.

15. Mrs. John Poe, Crumpler, W. Va., has an invalid husband and two little children, ages 6 and 1 year. She asks for cheer for the whole family.

16. Mrs. Ethel Davis, Tuckerdale, N. C., would appreciate any cheer sent to her for herself, little boy, or aged grandparents with whom she lives. She would enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* magazine.

17. I want to thank you and all the cheerful friends for their kindness to me and my little children with the nice books and things to enjoy. They surely have been very much appreciated. I hope they will still remember me this winter. I am shut in with a baby boy, 3 months old. I have five children; will appreciate books and cards for them or anything to pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Retha Howell, Jefferson, N. C.

18. Mrs. Mae Lowder, New London, N. C., writes asking for reading material, embroidery cotton or any cheer. Her children are all grown and left the home and the husband has to be at his work all the day time. She is very lonely.

19. Mrs. J. O. Powers, Brandon, N. C., hopes the *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember her. The children have all been sick, so she has been a shut-in all winter caring for them.

20. I would be very glad to get any kind of book or papers of any kind that would help me teach my little children. I have five living, and I am trying to teach them the right way to live. My children are all girls, Hazel (13), Pauline (11), Earline (9), Marie (6), Theola (1 year). Mrs. V. H. Wilkey, Dayton, Tenn.

21. I am a widow with four children. A boy, age 22 who has not been able to work for twenty-two months. He has an infected hip joint. I have twin girls, 14 years old, who are in school and have not missed a day this term, and my baby boy is 5 years old, so you see I have my heart and hands full. My husband was sick for a year and died. We miss him so much. I would appreciate any reading matter, books or magazines. I am 45 years old. I am not very strong, but I am so thankful I am able to do my housework and sew for my children. I also enjoy fancy work. Mrs. Lessie Lee Parker, Ansonville, N. C.

22. I wish to thank all who have remembered me, I also thank the one that is sending me the dear little *Cheerful Letter*, I get it by the name Verna Thornton but I have changed my name to Verna Davis. I have been married three years, I have a dear good husband, and a dear little

baby boy 3 months old. Good stories will be appreciated as I am fond of reading; also sewing material. Many good wishes for each one of you. Mrs. Verna T. Davis, Pera, Va.

23. Mrs. Martha Cooper, Rex, Ark., asks for juvenile books for her children.

24. I am asking the friends to please remember me with stamped pieces and embroidery thread if they have some left over. I would be very thankful to all who will send me quilt blocks and any kind of magazines and books. I will pass on all magazines after I read them to my friends. I would like all the *Cheerful Letter* friends to remember me on birthday. I will be 17 years old May 13, 1928. Miss Margaret Hill, Lawsonville, N. C.

25. I write to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me in any way. I surely am very grateful for all the kindness shown me and my family. I hope the kind friends will remember us through the cold winter days. Our school is just out and I would appreciate some good books for my little girls, ages 12, 9 and 7 years. Would like the full book of "Robinson Crusoe," or any good story books suitable for their age. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

26. Mrs. Jane M. Blackburn, Malta, Ohio, writes: "I wish to express my sincere gratitude for the dear *Cheerful Letter* which has been a welcome visitor in my home for more than thirty years. It is beyond words to tell of the many, many rays of sunshine to myself, and fatherless little ones. Two boys and one girl, who are all now married with homes of their own. I would like books to send my 4-year-old granddaughter living in the Philippine Islands. Many thanks for all the good things of the past, and if my request can be granted, I certainly will be grateful."

27. Will you please send me some good reading, as I have four children and they are very fond of reading. It helps to pass the lonely hours and is good for school children. Thanking you in advance I am yours very truly, (Mrs.) Lula Welch, Edison, N. C.

28. Mrs. G. C. Anglin, Spencer, Va.:

I am 63 years of age. Have been a widow fifteen years. Am taking care of my motherless little grandson 6 years old. We get very lonesome some times, and would be glad to receive books, papers and magazines, also any kind of suitable reading and picture books for my little grandson. For reference I am sending my pastor's name, Rev. E. R. Bryant, Spencer, Va.

29. I am a widow, 83 years old. I get very lonely and sad. I would appreciate bits of thread and sewing material to pass off the lonely hours. Mrs. L. A. McAlexander, Endicott, Va.

30. Would it be asking too much to request the life of John Leeland, a minister of some 100 years ago who labored in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Virginia. With thanks. (Rev.) J. G. L. Hash, Endicott, Va.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Eva Collins, Sylvester, Ga., % G. A. Braswell.

Mrs. Hattie Davis, Xenia, Ohio, Route 7.

"James McGillicuddy's Rolls-Royce was stolen while standing in front of the county poorhouse where he was visiting his aged parents."—*Brevity in a Michigan paper.*

He was a young dentist and also absent-minded. He tried to kiss her and as she modestly objected he said, "Now, this isn't going to hurt you a bit."—*Boston Transcript.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES, NO. 12

A Word of caution to mothers, especially to those of young children, whose health may be safeguarded by the use of the household "fever thermometer." Look at many before purchasing, selecting only one that registers like the majority of those for sale. Physicians have become alarmed at the thermometers on the market and the clinical thermometer is to go before the bar of Congress. The first step a doctor takes in diagnosing a patient's illness is usually a thermometric test of temperature, his decision awaiting the verdict registered on the thin glass tube. It is especially disquieting to medical men to learn that many of the clinical thermometers now in use are defective and may deviate two, three or even five degrees from the truth. The Department of Health of New York has found that from 20 to 28 per cent of the thousands of thermometers it has tested are defective, results confirmed in the State of Massachusetts and in other official tests.

To remedy this situation a bill has been introduced in Congress requiring that all clinical thermometers shall be approved by the Bureau of Standards, subject to the bureau's inspection and tests.

At the instance of the Interstate Commerce Commission a meeting was held at which representatives of clinical thermometer manufacturers, the American Medical Association and the American Hospital Association were heard. Senator Copeland, who introduced the bill requiring Government inspection, stated the case for his measure as follows:

"Every physician depends on the readings of his thermometer. He is governed largely in his conclusions as to the state of the patient's health by the readings of the thermometer. The ques-

tion of whether or not to operate may be determined by the reading of the thermometer. Certainly, then, it is tremendously important that every thermometer should be standardized—should be correct in its reading—so that the conclusions reached shall be founded upon fact."—*New York Times.*

We are now accustomed to the idea of anger creating poison in our bodies, but the possibility that it may be a danger to others is perhaps a new thought to some of our readers.

Robbins B. Stoeckel, Motor Vehicle Commissioner of Connecticut, has made an appeal to automobile drivers in that state to exercise good-nature and courtesy instead of displaying bad temper under irritating situations. Owing to the large volume of motor travel this season, which has been especially noticeable on the New York and Boston Turnpike, possibilities of accidents have been increased, making it more necessary for drivers to maintain self-restraint and patience.

"Temper enters into motor vehicle driving just as eyesight or hearing or any other qualification which particularly fits an operator to meet emergencies," says Mr. Stoeckel. "A reasonably even and unruffled disposition is more necessary for safe and sane driving than any other single requisite.

"The driving of a motor vehicle is an activity which calls for give and take. Most people believe that it is principally give, and there are a few who think that it is principally take. In order to be considerate one must be even-tempered. He must not start with a pessimistic point of view, and the attitude of mind that the world is against him. In many instances situations which have affected his temper have preceded a traffic emergency, and, because they have upset his equanimity, they have made him less fit to operate. When an emergency arises he is not his normal self and is not so ready to meet it, and a breach of law or accident may easily occur.

"If a man loses his temper to a point where his attention is more absorbed in his anger than by necessary care in driving, he is momentarily in an abnormal state of mind, and for the time being he is not a safe driver.

"Slow thinking is probably more often an inconvenience than a real danger in motor vehicle operation. The slow thinker is almost invariably cautious, and often caution is the reason for slow thinking. Both slow and fast thinking should be distinguished from poor coördination, because it relates to the operating mechanisms of the human machine instead of the automobile, and means that the human machine does not obey the mind with sufficient promptness. Wherever this is the case there is danger, and accidents will follow.

"Poor coördination almost reaches to the subject of mental defect. It ought to be a well-established principle in motor vehicle operation that no person with a mental defect of any type should be allowed to operate a car."—*New York Times.*

Our hospitals for the mentally ill are establishing beauty parlors as a curative means for their women patients. If well controlled, perhaps vanity is not the evil it has so long been considered. Boards of education view the appearance of teachers as a serious subject, according to the report from the recent Conference of the Federation of District Boards of New Jersey, that good looks and personality enable a teacher to accomplish more with the pupils, particularly if they are young, and that married teachers often understand children better and are more capable than those with less personal experience, if free to concentrate upon their charges.

Is your community doing all it can for your girls and boys? Chicago has recently acquired an unenviable reputation in some respects. The following report shows another side to what is taking place there:

More than fifty organizations were represented at the opening here today of the International Boys' Work Conference.

"We should understand that the boy problem is the man problem in the last analysis, and our great movement will never be completely successful until real leaders are developed," said Benjamin F. Jones of Newark, N. J., President, in the opening conference. "Our problem is to make the bad eggs good."

"Man's supreme challenge today is the youth of the world. Nations may be rich in commerce, art or industry, but unless they study their boys and make men of them they are neglecting their supreme duty," Arthur Sapp, President of Rotary International, said.

Mr. Sapp suggested that moonshine and movies depicting high life and with wild plots were very largely responsible for the waywardness of modern boys.

"But on the optimistic side," he continued, "there is clear indication that boys are developing a keener interest in athletics. They are more sportsmanlike in their play than they used to be, which is particularly noticeable in football."

Parents, he said, are helping in the new attitude toward children, which no longer regards them as underlings to be disciplined but companions to be befriended.—*New York Times.*

LAURA R. DONNELL.

"THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT"

Go eastward through Suez or westward via Panama, on your journey around the world, and Manila is your halfway point; Manila, "the Pearl of the Orient." Spain's pride of possession lay in that designation, bestowed centuries ago; and it was something more than a poetic fantasy. Nor have almost thirty years of Americanism dimmed the luster. In fact, one would not go far astray in declaring that those years have heightened it, even if the exotic atmosphere of Spanish days and the colorful Orientalism of a Far Eastern city are slowly yielding to modernity, as they have yielded elsewhere.

Yet Manila today is still in some degree the Manila of old, though lofty buildings tower along the Pasig River above Malay houseboats and Chinese josshouses, though the motors of America and Europe scornfully demand way of the bullcart and the chaise, and though politics seethe in the breast of the young Filipino, while the time-scarred edifices of old Spain slowly crumble away.

Manila was old when America came in 1898, but today there is a new Manila side by side with that ancient city of four slowly passing centuries. The contrast between East and West, between old and new, is, perhaps, sharper in Manila than anywhere else in the world. It is, in effect, a conflict. The life and the tendencies of the past cling with Oriental tenacity, refusing to be ousted altogether by Occidental aggressiveness and never-relaxing energy.

Fascination to the stranger lies in such a struggle—a struggle between the ways of the East, fortified by countless centuries of usage, stabilized by an experience-proven philosophy, and the driving activity of the West, yielding not to influences of climate or environment. Into this heart of the Orient, just the other day, there entered Western civilization, declaring that a new day is at hand, that the West has come to the East, that the twain at last have met, and that a cycle of Cathay is to submerge itself in a few years of Europe.

But that cannot be at once, and so the Manila of old Spain, the Manila of the Far East, of the long-ago yesterday, still survives to fascinate with its vivid contrast, to delight with its rich Oriental color, to bewilder with its babel of many tongues and its life of every race and nation.

Winding a cautious way up the Pasig River, just as the sun breaks through the night mist of the Eastern tropics, our steamer finally makes her berth at a riverside wharf among a curious mixture of houseboats, fishing proas, river craft and freighters from every port between Singapore and Yokohama. A plank is placed and a hundred coolies are aboard in a twinkling, offering assistance in every one of the numberless perversions of the English tongue common to the East.

* * *

Out of the picturesque confusion, clamor and tumult we find ourselves presently in a sort of two-wheeled chaise, drawn by a small but determined pony, guided, we know not whither, by a "boy" of quite indeterminate extraction. But the scene is so entrancing, here in this strange city of unparalleled contrasts, that we are not greatly concerned.

Through narrow, winding streets, the native quarters of every Eastern people, striving for place among motors, horse-drawn vehicles, bullcarts and heavily laden coolies, we make a slow but fascinating way, the driver urging on his energetic little animal by a series of strange grunts, ejaculations and groans, which, whether they are persuasive or threatening, only the animal knows, but to which he seems quite indifferent.

In such fashion we come at last to the Escolta and into the little plaza at the end of the handsome Jones Bridge over the Pasig. This is the American city, western as Honolulu, active as the Place de l'Opéra. Eight and ten-story office structures tower about us. Along the Escolta connecting the two principal plazas, many an imposing shop opens its entire front to the street, like the shops of Colombo or Singapore.

And when we reach another plaza the first thing to greet us is an immense half-open restaurant, a place of both East and West, punkahs and electric fans making cool and airy the interior, pleasant appeal hovering about it, as about a café of the Champs Elysées. Yet it embodies, as perhaps nothing else could do, the advent of Americanism, for it bears this strange designation, "Tom's Dixie Kitchen"!

* * *

Thus America enters the East, and the young Filipino, intelligently imitative, vies with the far roaming Yankee himself in introducing the Occident into the Orient.

But come now for a bit into the real Manila of old, even the "Walled City," a place apart, yet populous and active, though its medieval walls and hoary fortifications are as intact as those of Carcasonne or Rothenburg. Around these walls once led a broad moat, in some places more than a hundred yards across.

Modernity has converted this into a golf course, the strangest in all the world, a course around the walls of the old city, every hole a fairway smooth as a tennis court, with neither bunker nor sand-pit, nor hazard of any sort. And so, across a golf links, we enter, through a medieval tunnel in the wall, one of the curiosities of the Orient.

Within, having passed as from today back into yesterday, old Spain and the East lie in strange blend before our eyes, a blend into which already there is beginning to introduce itself the way of the West.

Even here, in this ancient city, the American is present. He has converted curious old, heavily masonried Spanish structures into motion-picture theaters, he has placed a garage in the dungeon-like basement of an Old-World mansion where some Spanish grandee once lived in fortress-like security and seclusion. And close by a well-modernized Chinese has followed the trend of things by announcing "Kwong Sam, Boston Laundry"!

* * *

The streets of the old city are narrow, their low projecting balconies with barred and shuttered windows almost meeting overhead. There are many tiny plazas where an old weather-scarred church with curious castellated tower may remind you of San Gemignano or a hill town of Provence, where a little café shelters itself beneath a royal palm, and half-caste children play about an old fountain.

There are dusty bookshops lying in wait for one in unexpected places among the narrow alleys of the old town, there are tiny sweet and other shops cut into the huge walls of some old castle, little holes-in-the-wall where an aged Filipino woman dozes all day in the sun, indifferent to custom, unconcerned with the world.

There is the Orient and the Occident, Europe and America, and all the world "East of Suez" in the old walled city of Manila, in picturesque medley; and modernity has not yet banished its exotic lure. This is the one Manila; and the gayety of the plazas across the river, their electric brilliance by night, and the luxurious shops of the Escolta, the restaurants and the theaters and the highly modern tramways, all a development of Americanism far outdoing anything of the sort even in thoroughly modernized Honolulu, these constitute the other Manila.

Side by side, their distinctiveness the more vivid by the contrast with one another, they together lay claim to that poetic designation of old, "The Pearl of the Orient."—*M. T. G., in Christian Science Monitor.*

KINDNESS

One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far a smile of friendship flees.
Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears.

One kindly word
The souls of many here has stirred.
Man goes his way
And tells with every passing day,
Until life's end:
"Once unto me he played the friend."

We cannot say
What lips are praising us today.
We cannot tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

CARE OF CHILDREN'S HAIR

Some mothers cling to the belief that if their little daughters' hair is kept cut during childhood it will be more luxuriant in later years, and others contend that if hair is cut during childhood it will become coarser and perhaps lose its natural curl. There seems to be no foundation for either of these theories, and the chief advantage of short hair for little girls is that it is very much more clean and more convenient. But especially in cold weather the hair should not be trimmed close. The hair provides a natural protection for ears and head, and if you like the effect of a boyish bob, caution the barber not to cut it really close at the back.

Fortunately, fashion no longer demands curls. If your little daughter's hair is inclined to curl or wave—well and good, but if it is straight she will look a good deal better with her hair left straight. There is always something rather second-rate looking about the little girl with hair artificially frizzed or kinked, and the fine hair of children almost always does take on this frizzy, kinky look when curled artificially.

Children's hair should be washed once every two weeks, at least, but care should be taken to have it thoroughly rinsed and dried. If you have it cared for away from home, it is important also to go to the barber shops of the most sanitary sort and where sterilization is a fact as well as a form. Scalp infections contracted in childhood may permanently affect the hair.

There is room in almost every good-sized neighborhood or community for the services of an efficient, thoroughly up-to-date house-to-house barber who specializes in trimming and shampooing children's hair. Here, it seems to me, is a not overcrowded and fairly remunerative field for the woman who wants to earn money without being tied down to an all-day job.—*Selected.*

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and the infinite.—*Amiel.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May Thy angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

—*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

THE BABY AND THE BEARS

As remembered by Rose O'Neill

WHERE I lived in Pennsylvania as a boy there were bears—hundreds of bears, bears everywhere. Why, I never went outside the house to chop wood that a bear didn't come out and watch me from behind every tree. Once, when my father was cutting trees, one tree fell across another so as to make a wonderful seesaw. But just as I hopped on the end a bear ran out of the woods and jumped on the other and began to seesaw. Up and down and up and down we went, faster and faster and faster. I was afraid to stay on and afraid to get off. On we seesawed, up and down and up and down, until I jumped off so quickly that the other end fell with a great thump, sending the bear flying over my head and back into the woods again. So you see how many bears there were.

One night my father said to me, "Go for the doctor quickly."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "your mother has a new baby in the house and the baby is crying."

"Why is the baby crying?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "he is frightened."

"Why is he frightened?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "he is seeing the great world for the first time. So hurry and bring the doctor quickly as you can."

I knew that it was four miles through the woods to the doctor's and that the woods were full of bears. But I lighted my lantern and started off barefooted. Of course, I always had shoes for winter, but the weather hadn't turned cold enough yet.

But I had gone only a short way along the path, swinging my lantern, when the littlest bear of all came running out. He was only the size of a puppy, but he ran so hard that he knocked into my lantern and smashed it.

So there I was all alone in the dark.

The littlest bear sniffed at my bare feet; then he began to pad-pad-pad along the path behind me.

Presently another bear came out of the woods, and then another, until the darkness was full of bears, all breathing and snuffing at my bare feet. They all fell in line behind the littlest bear, the biggest bear last, and there were all the bears of the forest pad-pad-padding along the path behind me.

Soon the bears began to walk a little faster, so I had to walk faster; then they began to trot, so I had to trot; then they all started to run, so I had to run, faster and faster and faster.

I felt the littlest bear catch my suspender. I pulled away, but the suspender snapped, so I had to hold up by overalls with one hand as I ran.

Suddenly I stopped and swung myself up into a tree. The bears were running so fast they couldn't stop themselves, but kept right on, falling all over one another in a heap. By the time they had come back—the biggest one first this time, and the littlest one last—I had climbed high up the tree. The bears made a circle and stood watching for me to come down, but I only climbed higher. Up and up I went, until suddenly, in a crotch above, I saw *two eyes shining*.

It was a panther!

There were the bears below, and the panther above—and I was only a little barefooted boy holding up my overalls by a broken suspender. I began to climb out on a limb. But the panther came crawling after me. On I went, as far as I dared, until I had nearly reached the end, and

ser and closer crept the panther. The limb
s bending lower and lower under our weight.
e bears stood watching below.
Suddenly, with a crash, the limb broke, and I
—straight onto the back of the biggest bear.
was so surprised that he began to run, and all
other bears followed after—pad-pad-pad-pad-
g through the forest. Bushes scratched my
e and the wind whistled past my ears, but I
ng tight to the fur of the biggest bear.
On they ran through the dark woods, on and on
l on—pad-pad-pad-pad-pad—until presently
aw the lights of the doctor's house far away.
st as we passed the door I fell off and rolled to
e side. The bears were going so fast they
uldn't stop, but ran on and on, and I was soon
ely inside the doctor's house.
He was surprised to see me so late at night, but
en I told him how my mother had a new baby
the house and the baby was crying because he
s frightened because he was seeing the great
rld for the first time, the doctor got his satchel
d saddled his horse, set me up before him, and
rted off.
We galloped and galloped until we reached our
use, where the little new baby was waiting—
t, do you know we didn't meet a single bear all
e way!—*The Outlook.*

BODILY ACCOMPLISHMENTS

It is an art to walk, a greater one to run. here are, I think, only three necessary injunc-ons for walking. The first is to hold the body ect and free. The second is to walk from the ps rather than from the knees. The third is to alk on the ball of the foot, touching heel to rth only when resting. In this way one can eathe freely, can swing over long distances sily. To one who learns the trick, walking be-mes a keen pleasure, and one can cover ordi-ry distances, twenty or thirty miles, let us say, ithout undue fatigue.

Nearly all boys run, sometimes for the fun of , but generally to get there. Both objects are od. All the boys need is a hint about easy eathing, about keeping the body itself fairly iet, about running from the hips, and landing ways on the ball of the foot. Easy running is ally a series of graceful springs, and the test of is, whether one can keep it up for some distance ithout getting either tired or out of breath.

With climbing and jumping, one must learn e trick when young, or never; and both are rth learning. One may never have to climb a ee or shinny up a waterspout, or creep along the of of a burning house, but the ability to do such ings means power to do the things that will be eded. In climbing, it is well to begin with an d and many-branched tree, where the foothold reasonably secure, and the boy may cultivate a steady head as well as obedient muscles. When he has gained some confidence, the task may properly be made more difficult. In the end, he ought to be able to climb a straight pole—not greased, perhaps, but devoid of any appreciable footholds. Climbing brings every muscle of the body into play,—one must learn both when to cling and when to let go,—and the boy must be all there in mind as well as body.

It is a good plan to combine jumping with climbing,—to let a boy drop from branches of varying height and learn to land on his feet. Boys can easily be taught to leap a fence,—right-hand, left-hand, between-hands,—and to leap unaided over smaller obstacles.

A boy who cannot harness a horse properly and drive him with reasonable skill will often be put to inconvenience and may easily be less useful than he could have wished. At some time or other all of us who lead active lives are called upon to drive a horse. It looks very simple, but it is hardly safe unless we have been taught how, and have also been taught to look over both harness and running-gear and to know whether all is sound and in good order. In spite of the keen competition of the automobile, the horse still holds his own. The knowledge of how to care for a horse, how to saddle and harness him, how to ride and drive him is still a useful accomplishment.—*C. Hanford Henderson* in *What Is It to Be Educated*, reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

A young lawyer had just opened an office and hung out his shingle. The door of the ante room opened.

"Ah, a client," he thought. "I must impress him."

He grasped the telephone. "No, I'm very sorry, but it will absolutely be impossible for me to take your case for less than $2,000. . . . No, I'm busy with several other very important cases, and I simply . . . No, no, I'm sorry. Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver. His client seemed really impressed.

"And now, what can I do for you?" asked the young lawyer briskly.

"Oh, nothing much, I just came in to connect your telephone."

A loving word is like a song,
Long through the memory ringing.
A pleasant word is like a flower
Along the wayside springing.
A hopeful word is like a ray
Of sunshine in dark places,
And jewel-like the wit that brings
The smiles to saddest faces.

The worship of God finds expression both in pleasure and in work.

"AS YE METE"

It is in loving—not in being loved—
The heart is blest:
It is in giving—not in seeking gifts—
We find our quest.
If thou art hungry, lacking heavenly food,
Give hope and cheer:
If thou art sad and would'st be comforted,
Stay sorrow's tear.
Whatever be *thy* longing or *thy* need,
That do thou give,
So shall thy soul be fed, and thou indeed
Shalt truly live.

—*M. M. Parietee.*

I will not kill or hunt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.—*John Ruskin.*

Maud—"Did you have a nice time last week-end?"

Isabel—"And how! Saturday night we went canoeing on the lake and sang all the old love songs under a gorgeously romantic moon. We didn't come ashore until after midnight."

Maud—"That's queer. I was told by someone who saw you that you were canoeing alone."

Isabel—"I was."

Maud—"Then where do you get the 'we'?"

Isabel—"From Lindbergh."

Thank Heaven for the friends who have always known us! They may think us unreliable and young still; they may not understand that we have become busy and more or less important people to ourselves and to the world,—we are pretty sure to be without honor in our country—but they will never forget us and we belong to each other, and always shall.—*Sarah Orne Jewett*

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